Lord Darlington. And you would take him back! You are not what I thought you were. You are just the same as every other woman. You would stand anything rather than face the censure of a world, whose praise you would despise. In a week you will be driving with this woman in the Park. She will "be your constant guest—your dearest friend. You would endure anything rather than break with one blow this monstrous tie. You are right. You have no courage; none I

Lady IVindermere. Ah, give me time to think. I cannot answer you now. *[Passes her hand nervoztsly over her brow.*

Lord Darlington. It must be now or not at all.

Lady Windermere. [Rising from the sofa.] Then, not at all!

[A pause.

Lord Darlington. You break my heart!

Lady Winder mere. Mine is already broken. *[A pause.*

Lord Darlington. To-morrow I leave England. This is the last time I shall ever look on you. You will never see me again. For one moment our lives met—our souls touched. They must never meet or touch again. Good-bye, Margaret. *[Exit.*

Lady Windermere. How alone I am in life! How terribly alone!

[*The music stops. Enter the Duchess of Berwick and Lord Paisley laughing and talking. Other guests come on from ball-room.*

Duchess of Berwick. Dear Margaret, I've just been having such a delightful chat with Mrs. Erlynne. I am so sorry for what I said to you this afternoon about her. Of course, she must be all right *as you* invite her. A most attractive woman, and has such sensible views on life. Told me she entirely disapproved of people marrying more than once, so I feel quite safe about poor Augustus. Can't imagine why people speak against her. It's those horrid nieces of mine—the Saville girls—they're always talking scandal. Still, I should go to Homburg, dear, I really should. She is just a little too attractive. But where is Agatha? Oh, there she is.

[Lady Agatha and Mr. Hopper enter from terrace L. U E.]

Mr. Hopper, I am very, very angry with you. You have taken Agatha out on the terrace, and she is so delicate.

Hopper. [L CJ Awfully sorry, Duchess. We went out for a moment and then got chatting together.

Duchess of Berwick. [C.] Ah, about dear Australia, I suppose?

Hopper. Yes!

Duchess of Berwick. Agatha, darling 1 *[Beckons her over.*